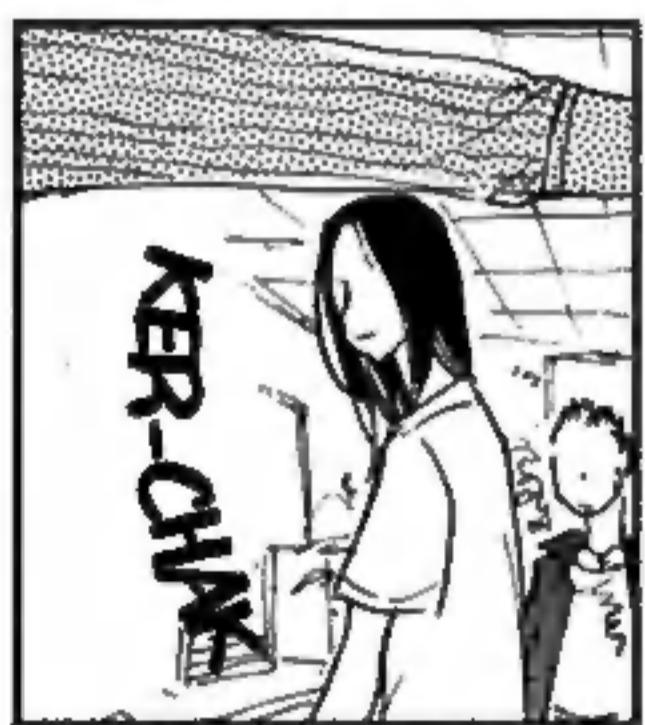
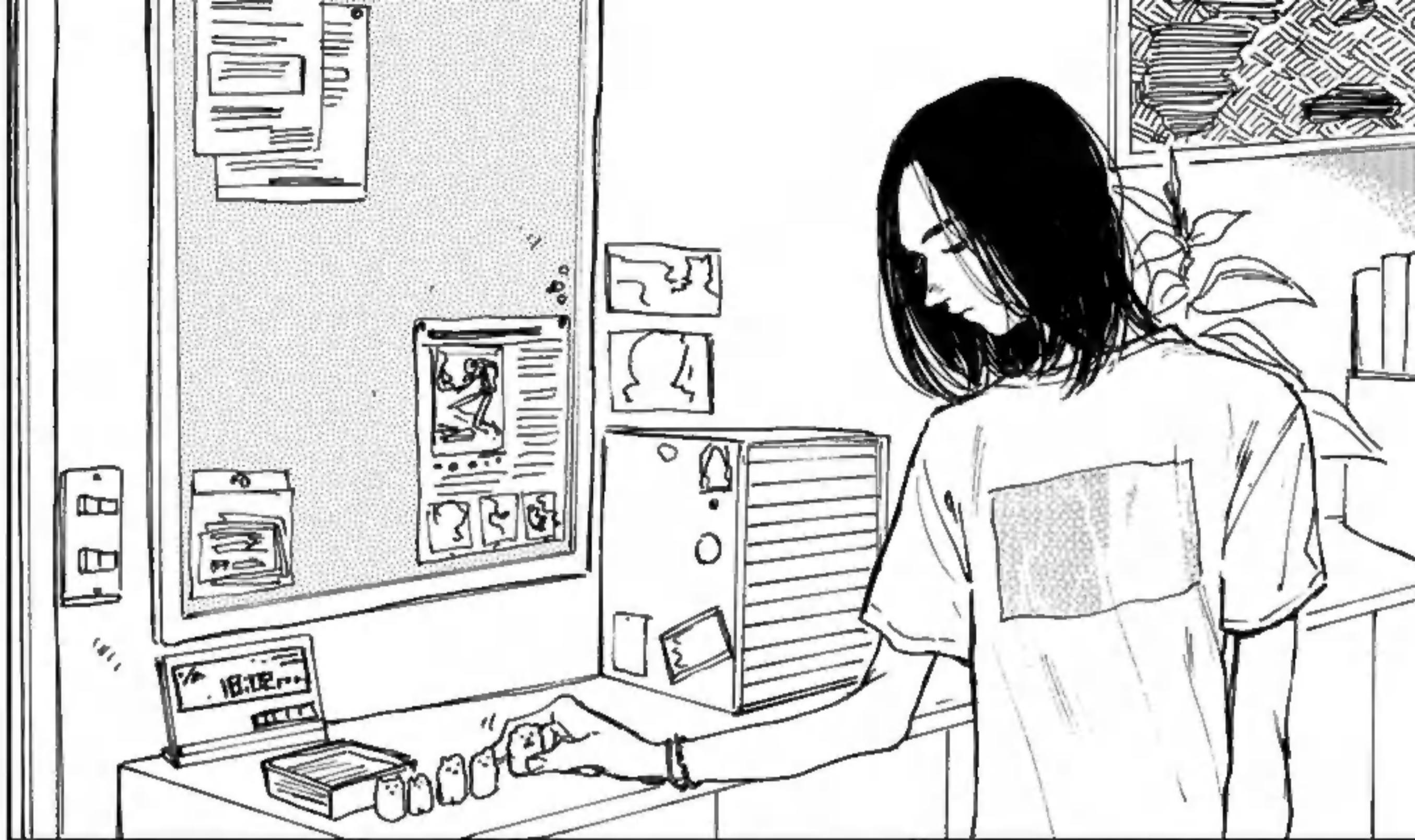
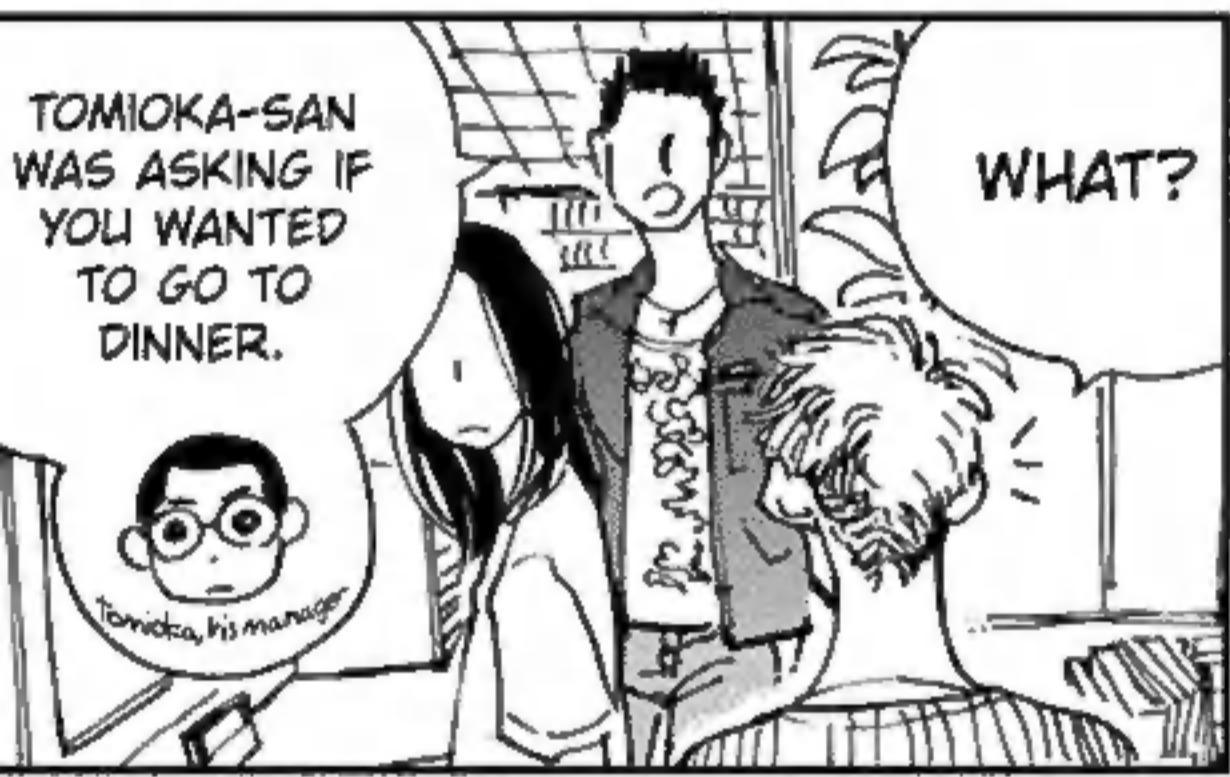


N° 2













BECAUSE
IT'S MY REAL
NAME.

YOU'RE
EVEN
CALLED...
"JOSÉ"
AT HOME?

I DON'T
SEE ANYTHING
WRONG WITH
IT...

AHAHA!
HAHA!

AHAHAHA!

YOUR
REAL
NAME?

HAH...

SO I CAN
BUY SOME
BOOZE.

LET'S
STOP AT THE
CONVENIENCE
STORE...

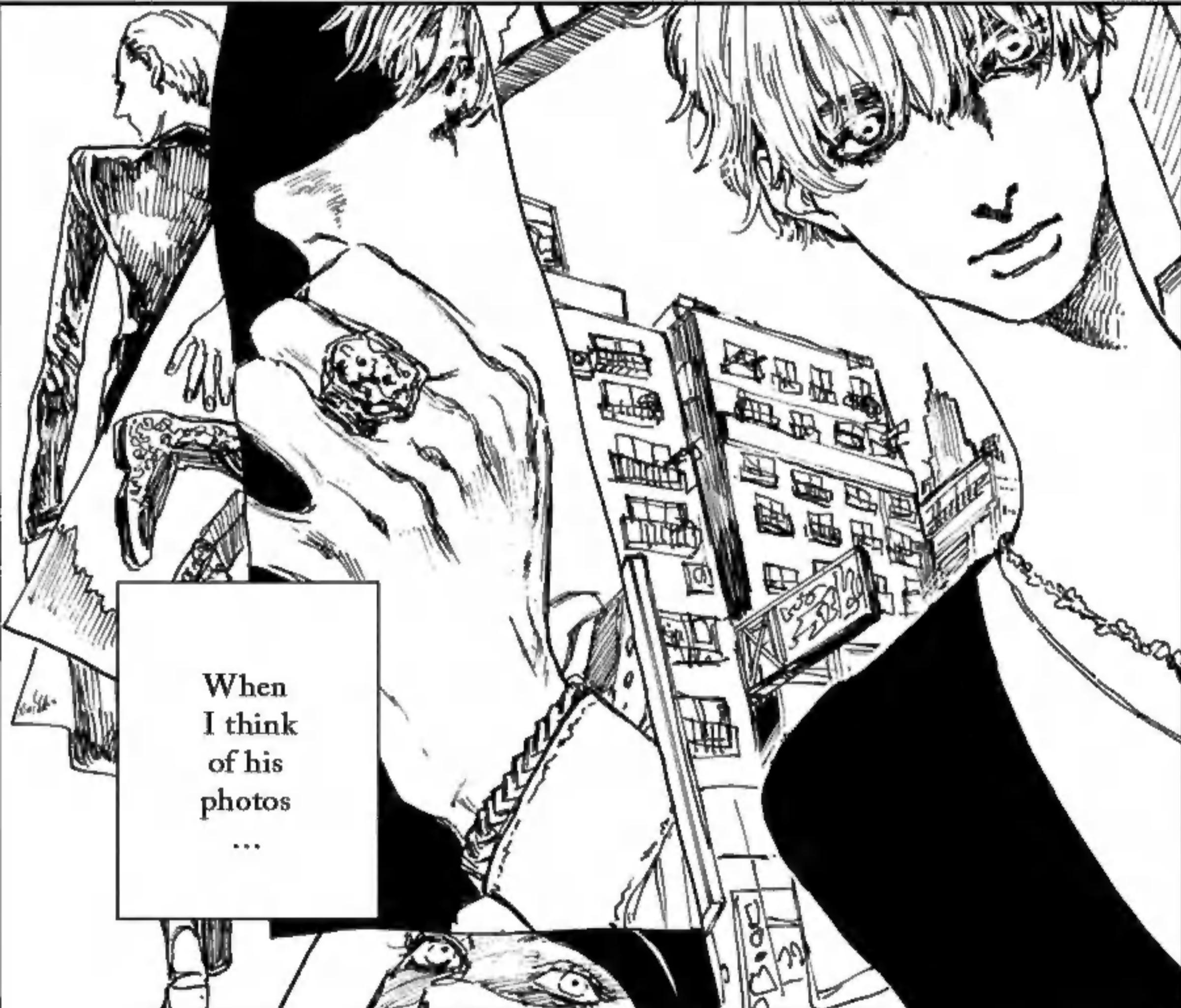
TSU-
RUGI,





in
other
direc-
tions.

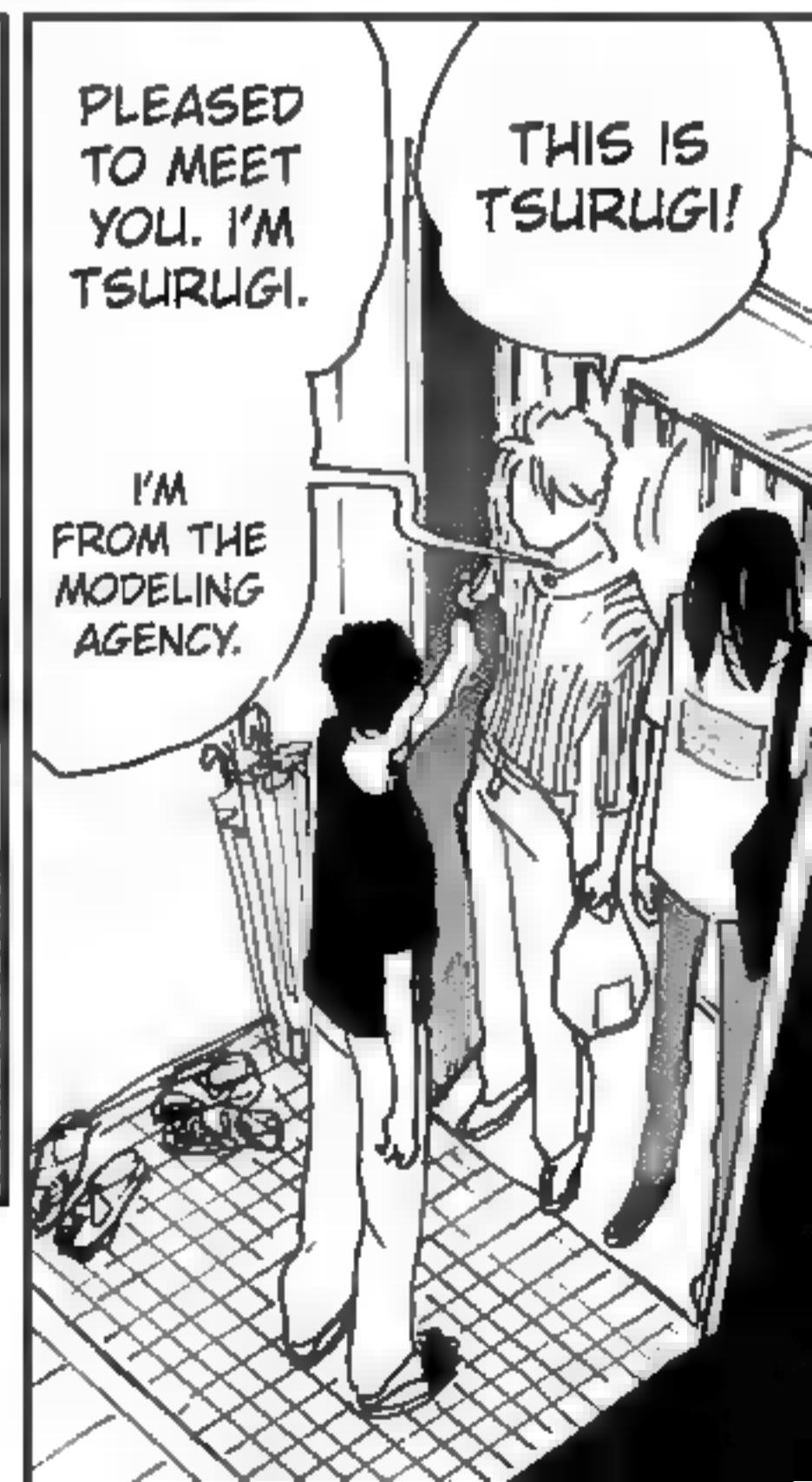
Skillfully
distracting
everyone...



When
I think
of his
photos
...

THE
RUMORS ARE
TRUE...
OOO

I
WONDER
IF...
OOO



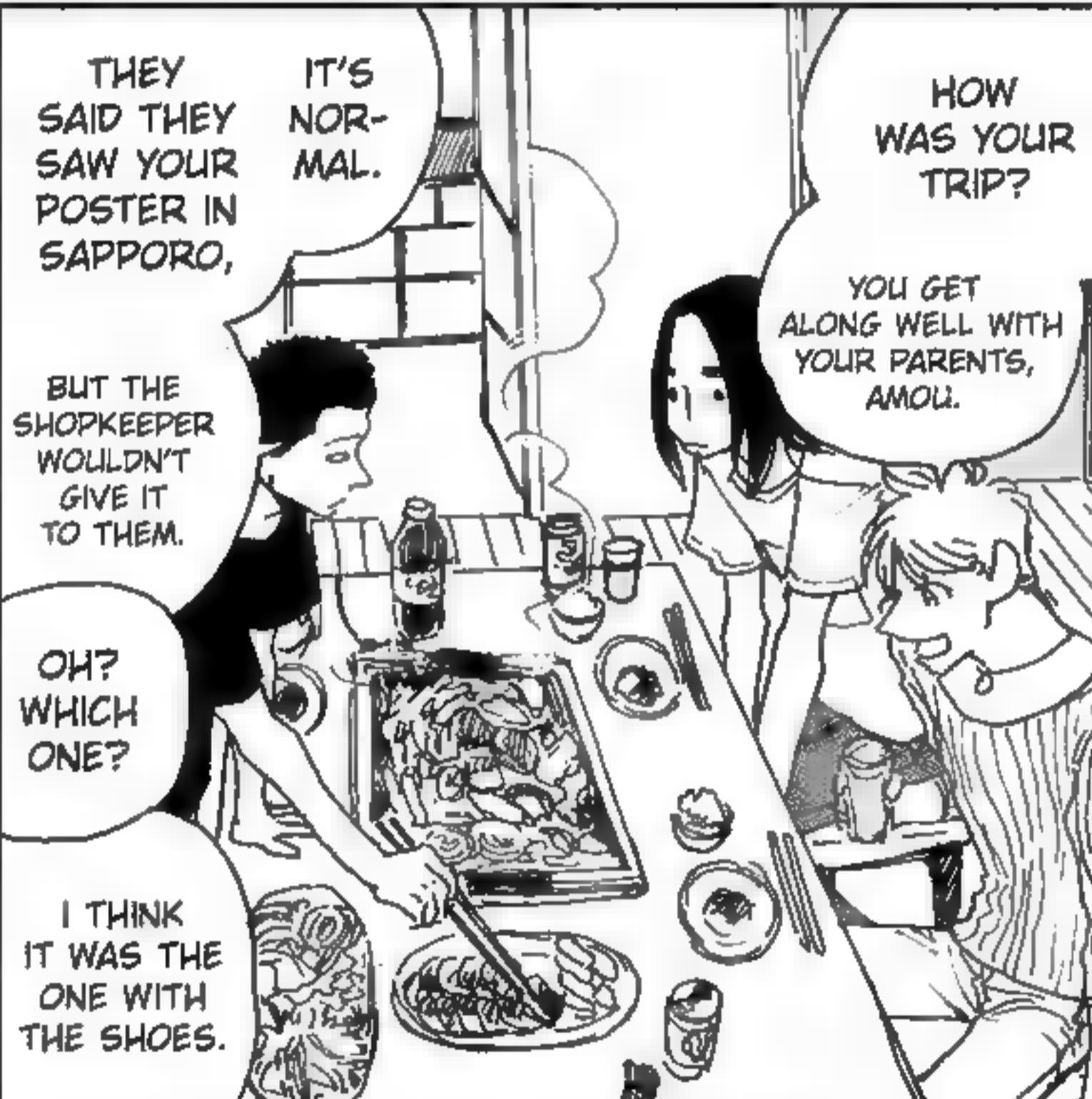


SCREE-

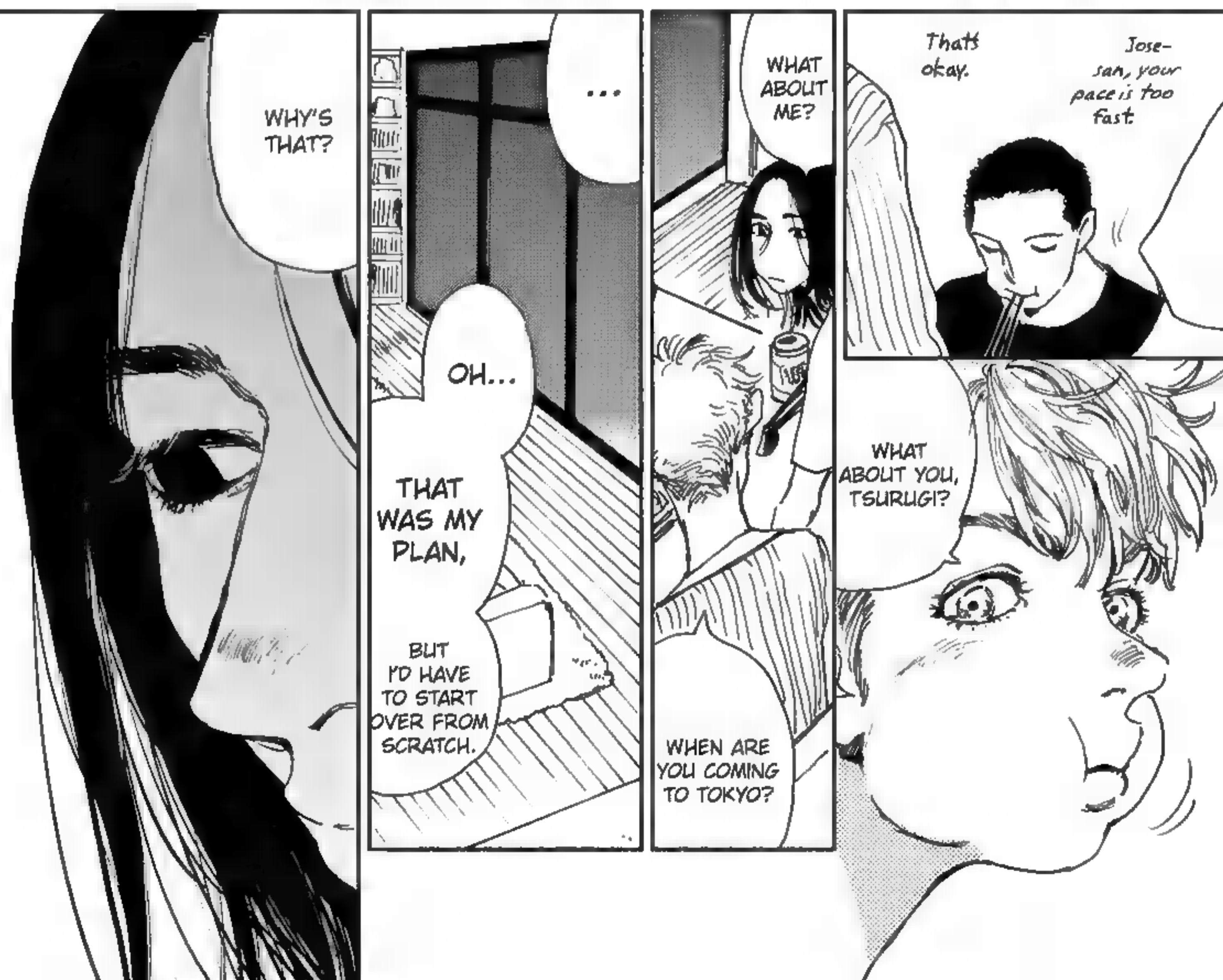
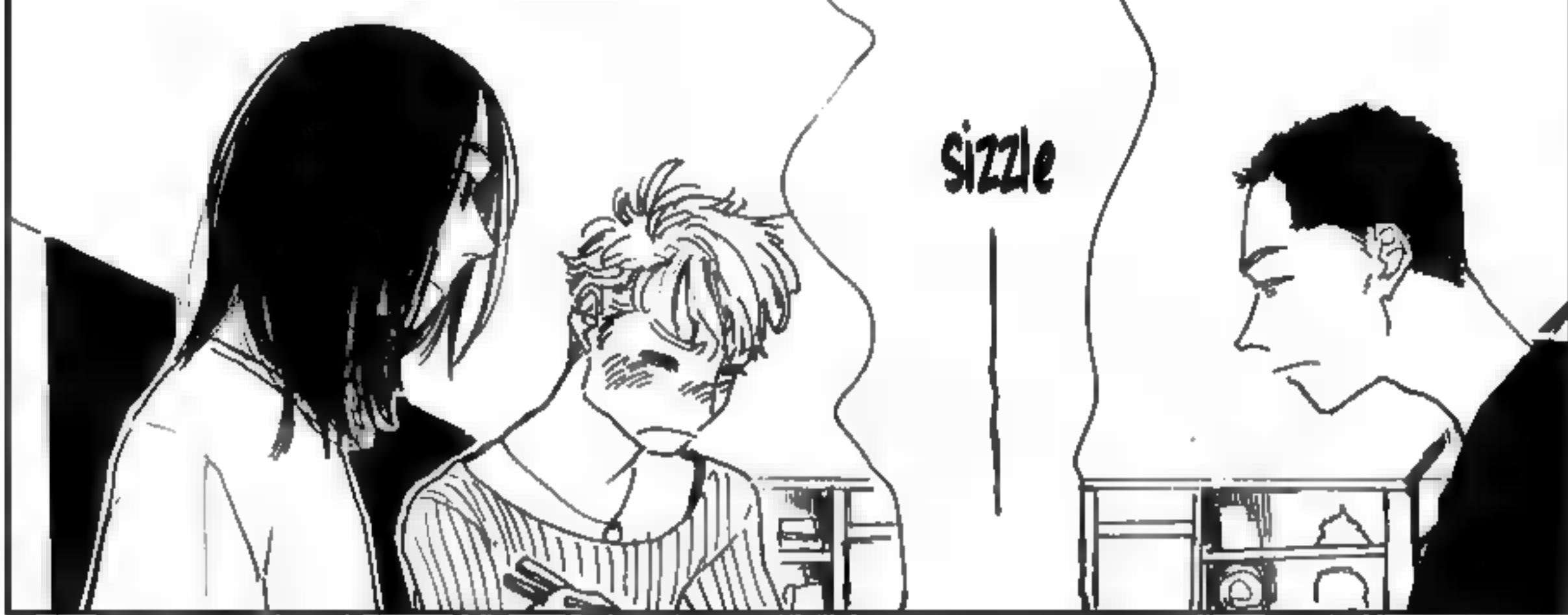
WAS IT A
SOUVENIR FROM
HOKKAIDO?

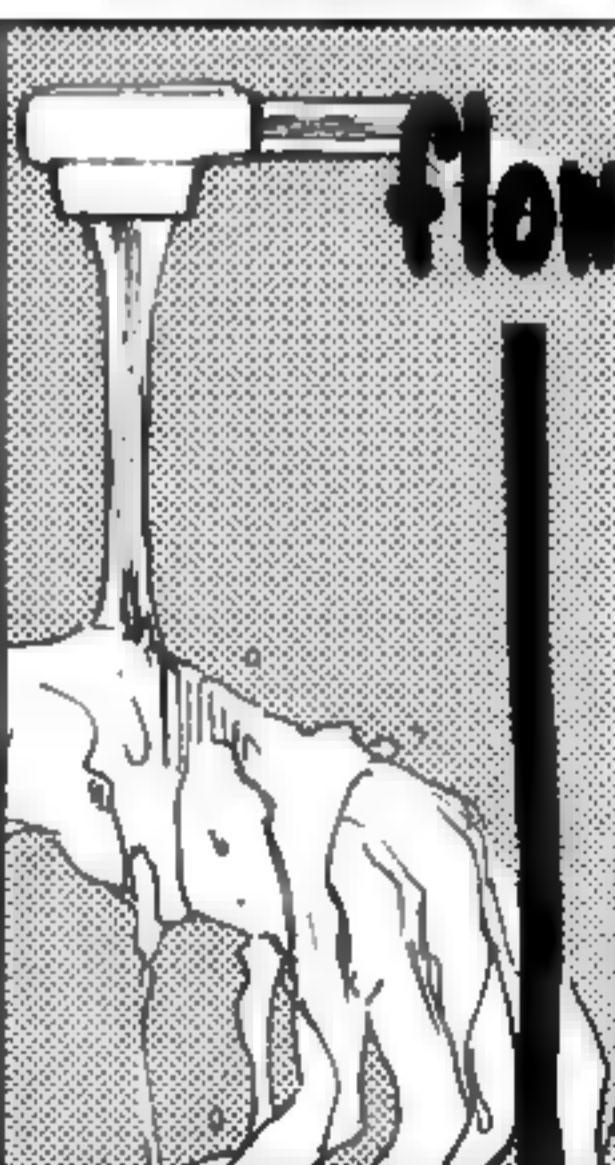
The man of
mystery
(Amou-san)

skillfully
grilled
the lamb,
chicken,
and vege-
tables.

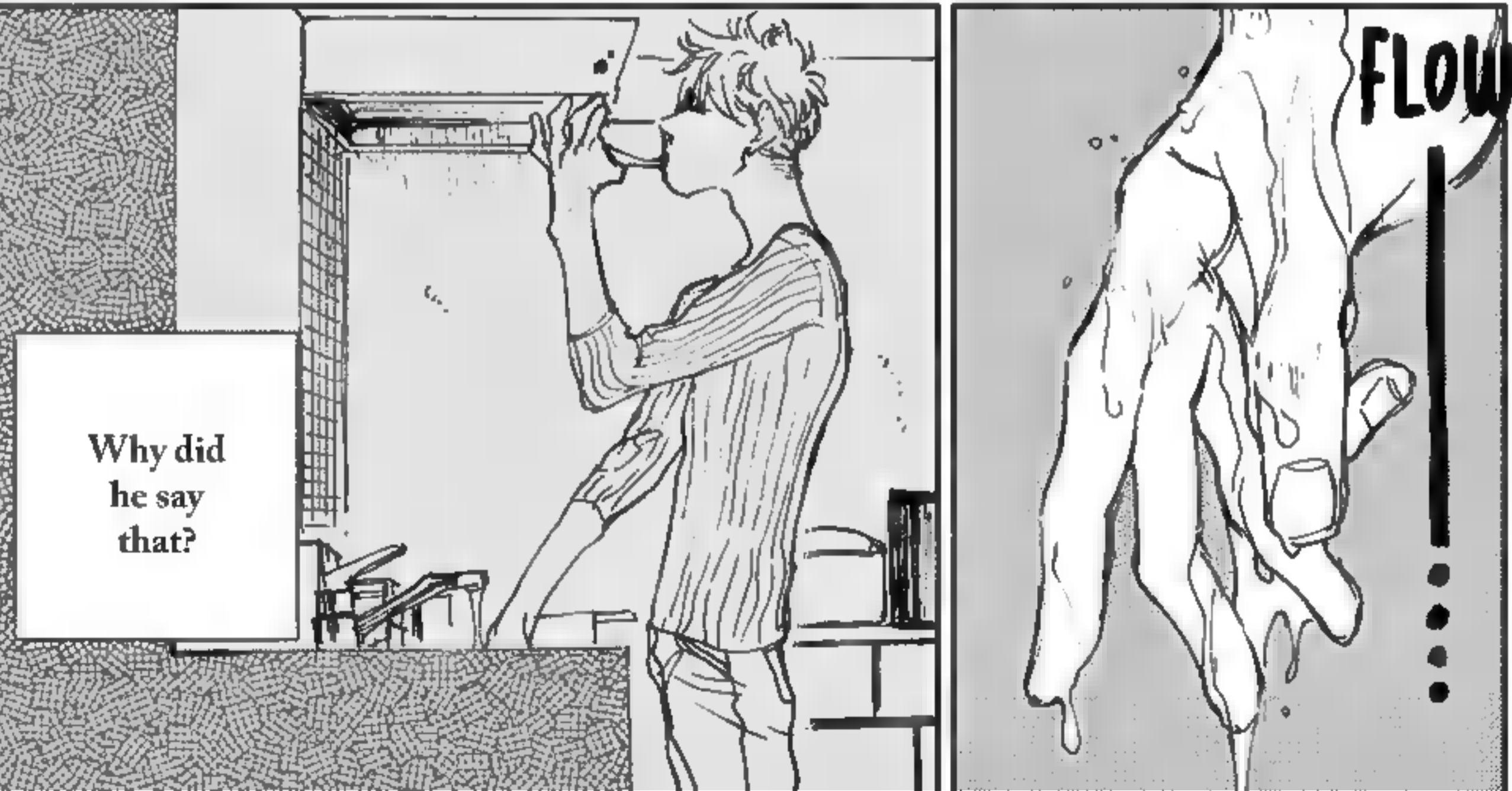
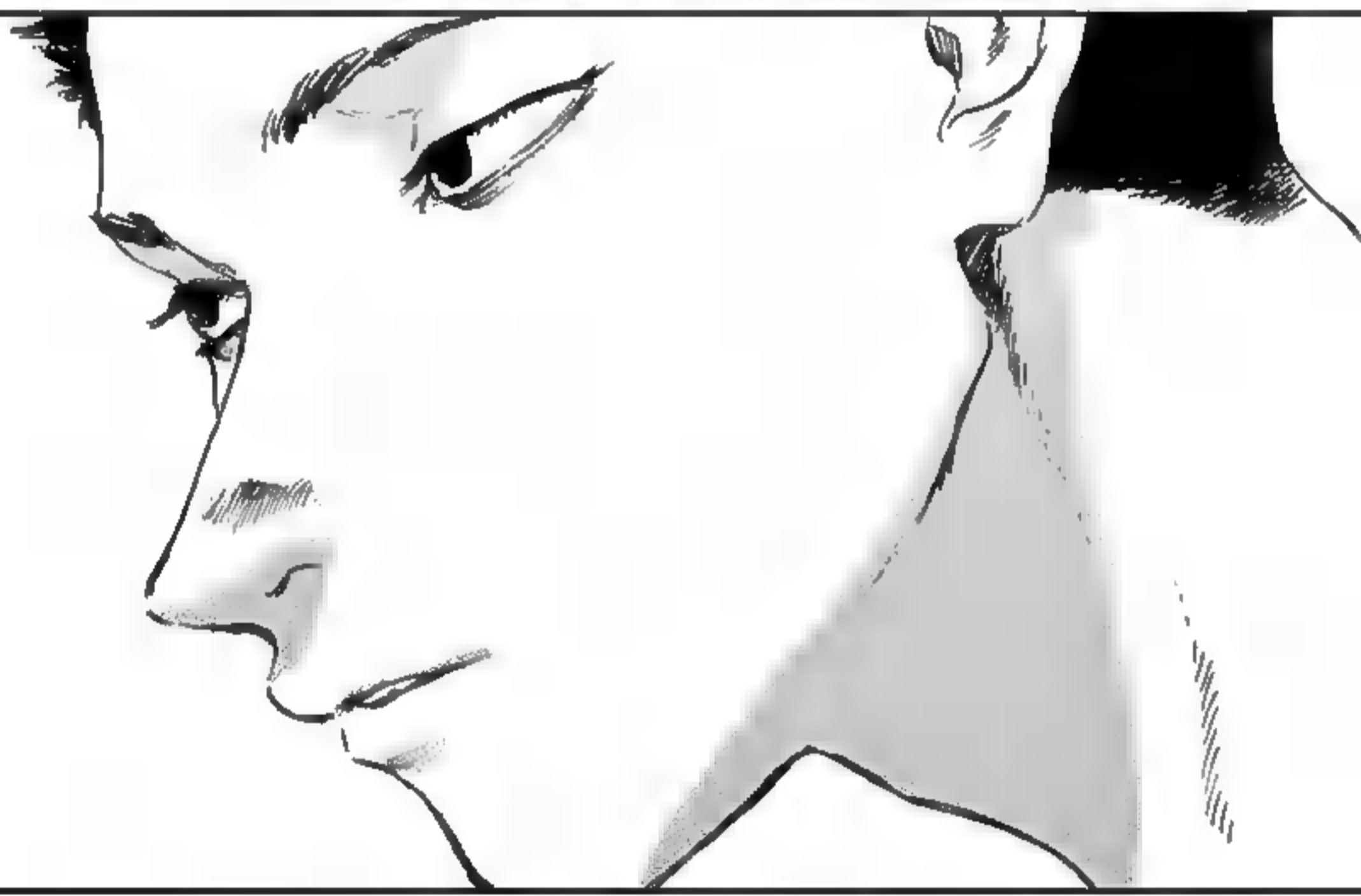












"Love."

with that
unsociable
and plain man
to look
after him.

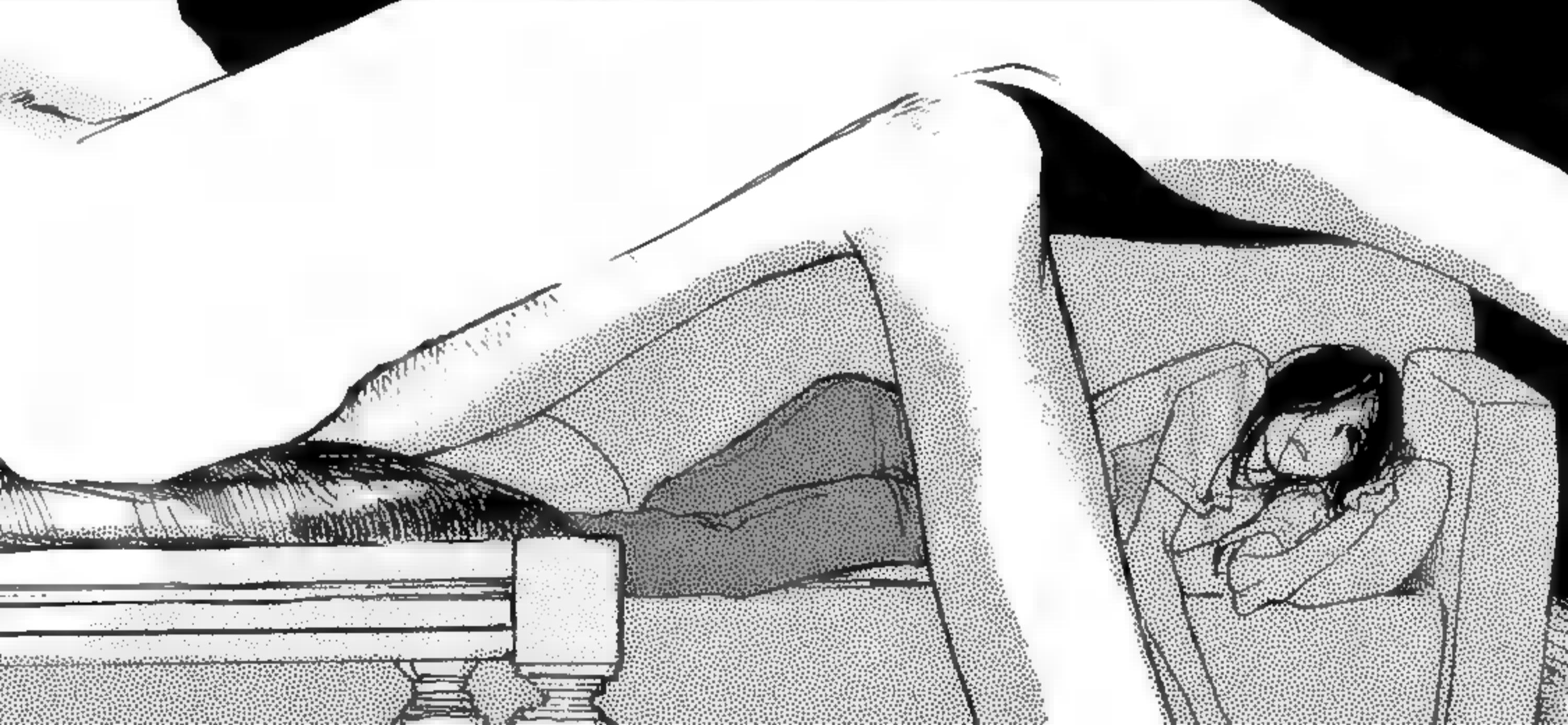
It was
clear that
José was
living
there,

as if it
were some-
how discon-
nected from
reality.

That
was a
strange
evening,

José
said
"love."

In José's home, it was as if I was allowed
to be immersed in love.









The lead
-in of a
horror
movie.

My head
fills with
clichéd ima-
ginings...

A
courteous
occupant...

A western-
style house
in the mid-
dle of the
forest.

A car
stuck on a
deserted
road in
the rain.

I
thought...

A
tragedy
begins...

A SAC-
RIFICE?

HAHA
HA!

A...

A RI-
TUAL?

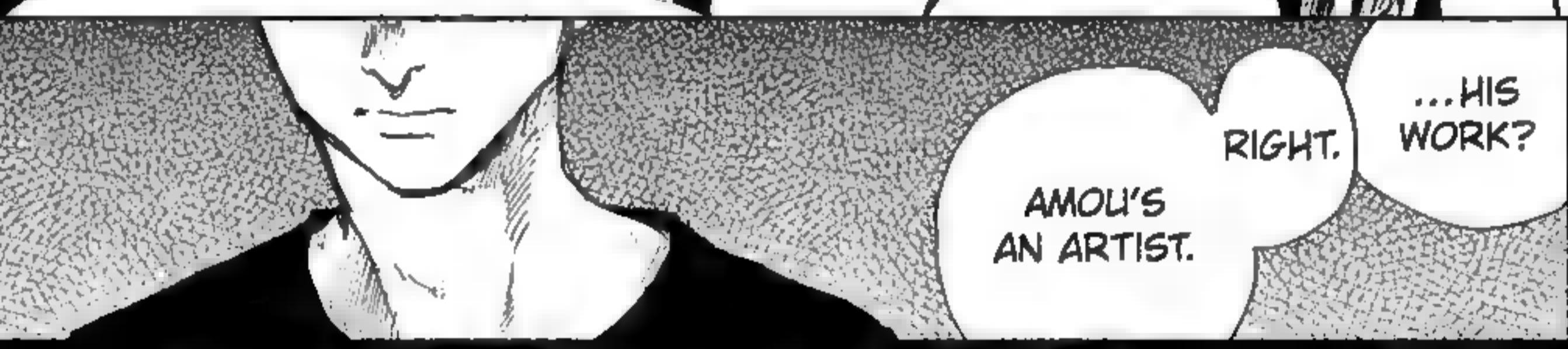
AMOU,

CAN YOU
SPEAK?

I've got-
ten myself
involved in
something
trouble-
some.

...IS
THIS

SOME
KIND OF
RITUAL?



AMOU WILL LOOK AT ME.





José's
eyes...



IT'S MY
FIRST TIME
SEEING...

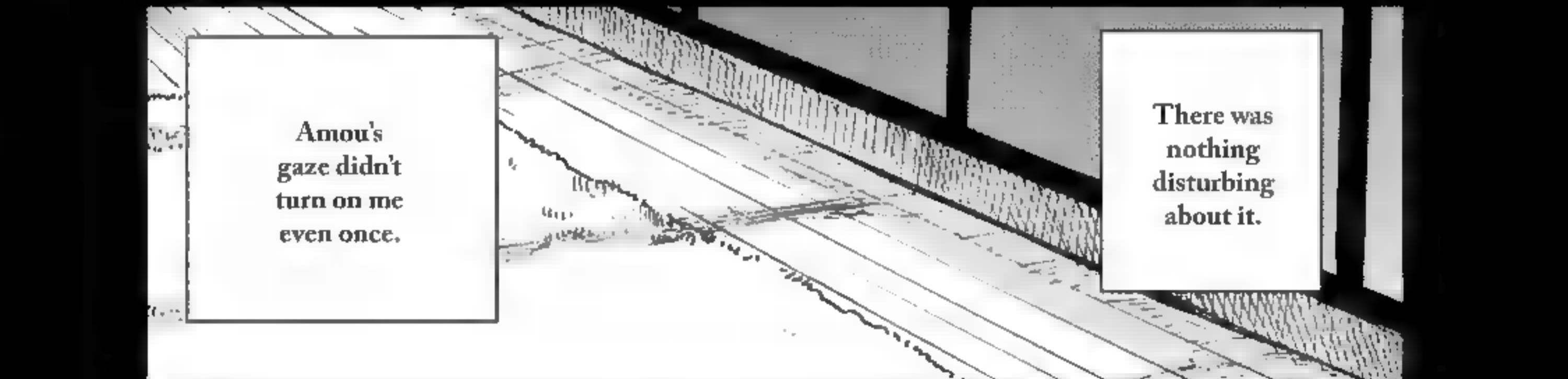
Lau-
ghing
at my-
self?

Resist.

RESIST
WHAT?

TOWARD
WHOM?

are
pro-
voca-
tive.



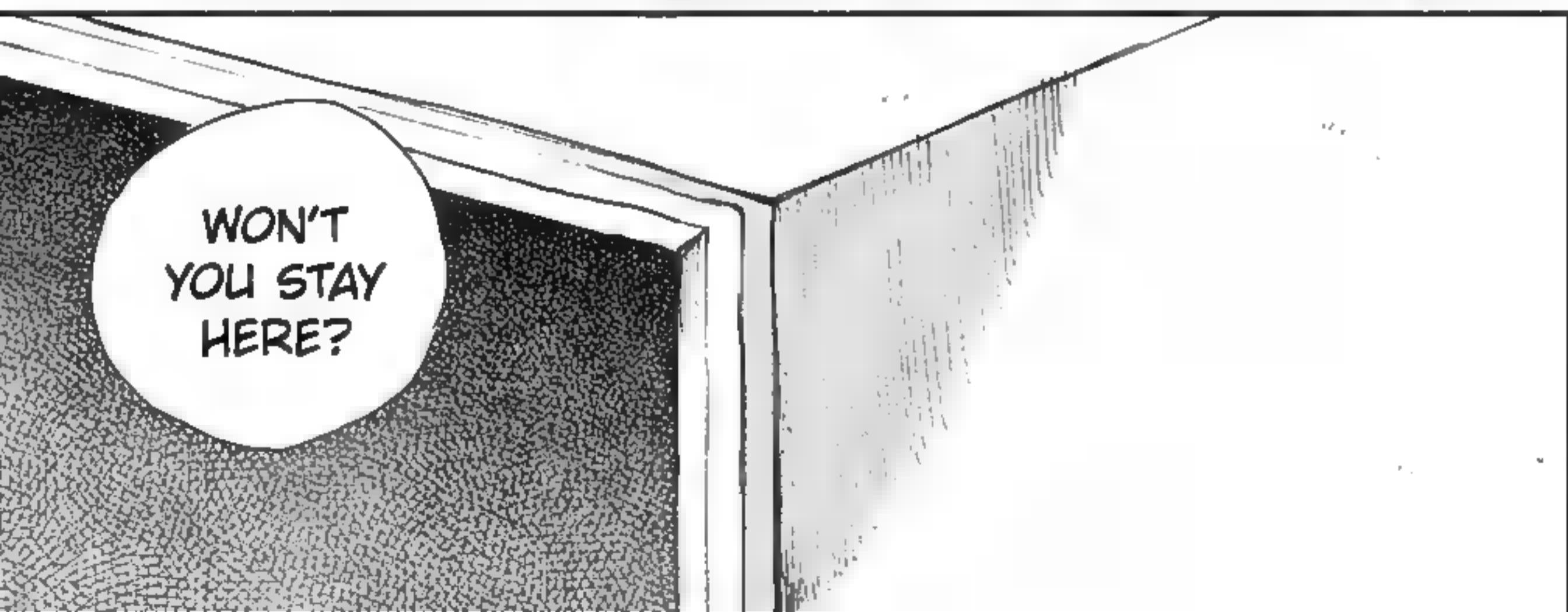
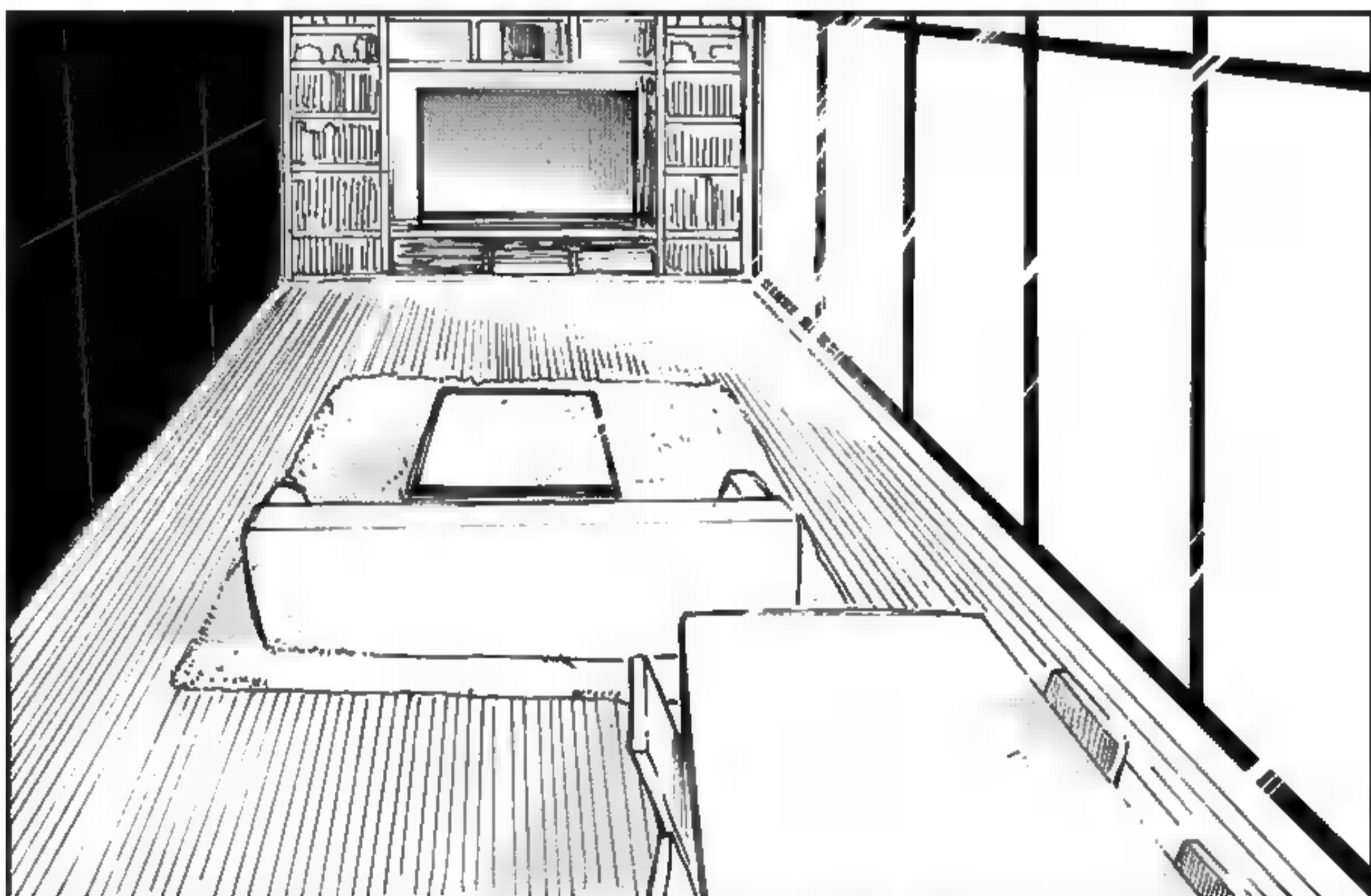
Amou's
gaze didn't
turn on me
even once.

There was
nothing
disturbing
about it.

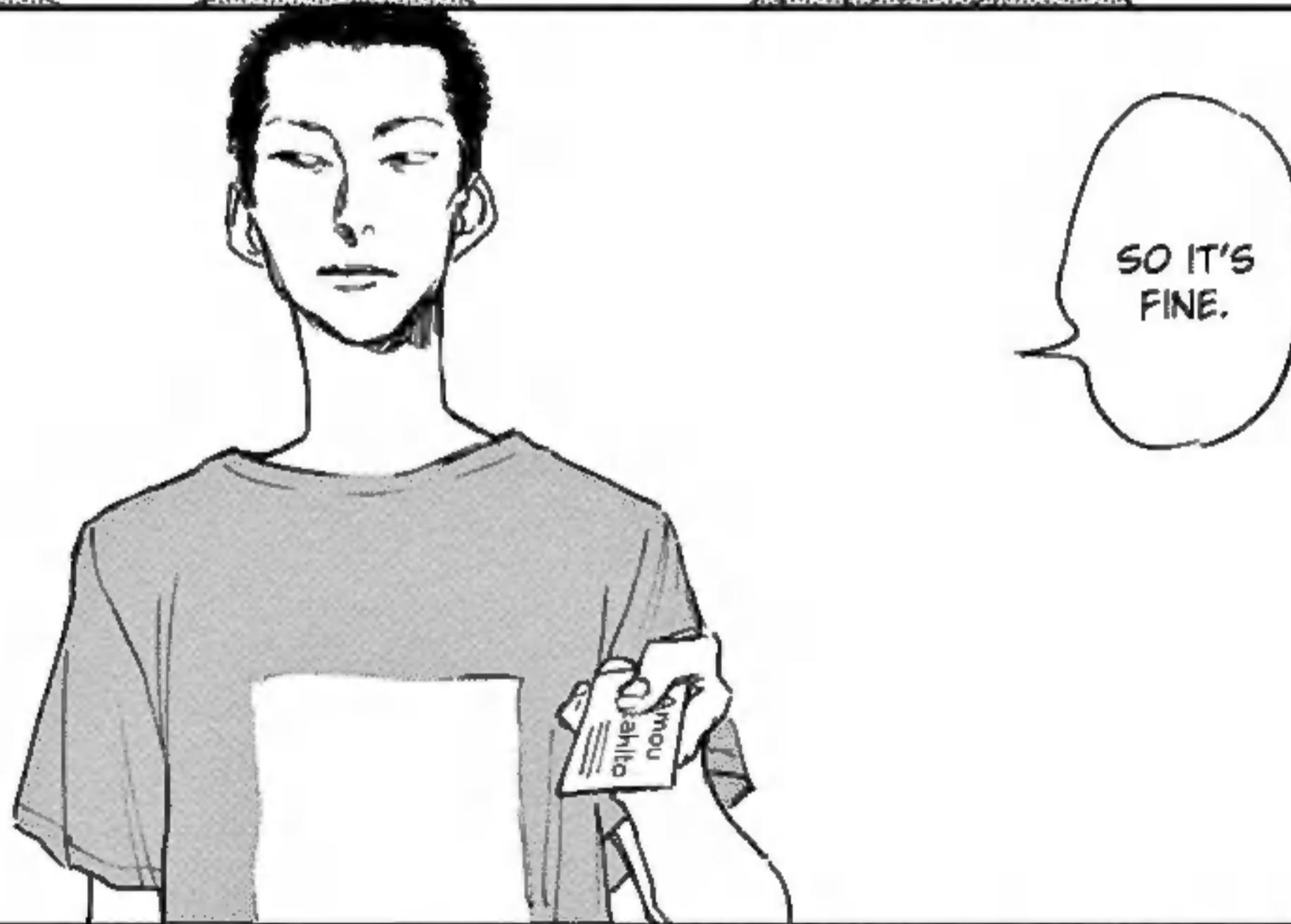
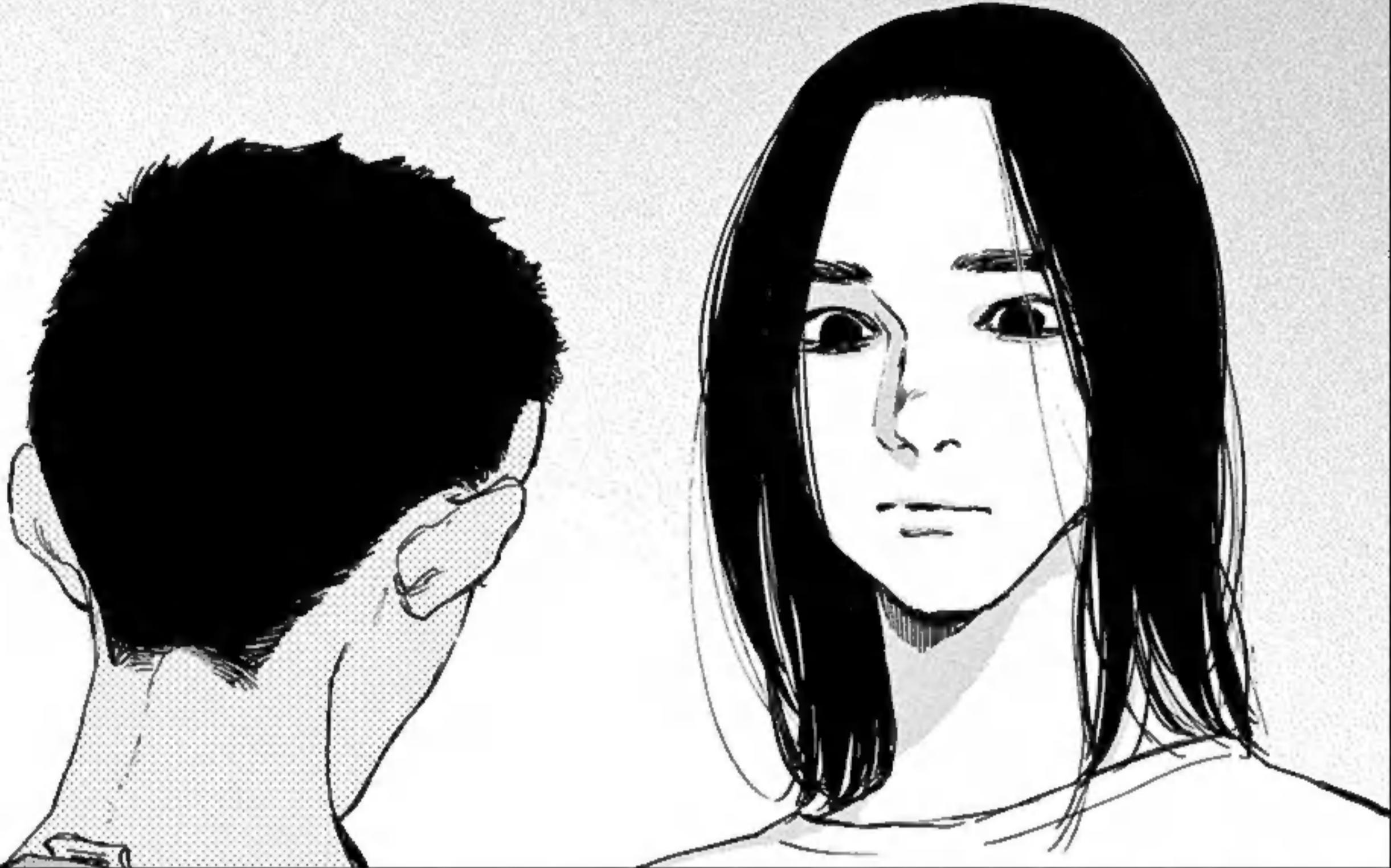


cap-
tivated
only by
José.

Those
eyes
were...







The one
who decided
this was nei-
ther me nor
him.

KACLA
KACLA



WHERE'S
TSURUGI?

MORN-
IIIING.

